The Liberalist

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THE NEW YEAR

Standing with folded wings of mystery,
The New Year waits to greet us—you and me.

. . . . .

She smiles a little ere she turns away,
Breathing a promise for each coming day;
And we—we pause a little while to pray.

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

DECEMBER was an unusually busy month, but I didn't mind, for being busy is my most pleasant experience. I am writing this a few days before our Christmas Sunday and Christmas Eve Services. Obviously my report to you on these two days in the life of our church must remain for the February number. These delayed reactions which you read a month or six weeks after they have happened are a constant annoyance to me, but when you have to prepare copy for a monthly magazine a month ahead, there is nothing that can be done about it. I marvel how the editors of magazines prepare the Christmas editions in August. I don't know how much I shall be able to crowd into this month's "Along the Way," but there was one experience which I had this month that will linger with me the rest of my life.

I was invited by the Albuquerque Association for the United Nations to come to Albuquerque, New Mexico, on December 10th, which was the actual Tenth Anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Human Rights. The American Association for the United Nations was founded primarily as an organization to bring information concerning the United Nations. Its function is largely educational. The Honorary Presidents are Dr. Charles W. Mayo, Mr. James T. Shotwell and Mr. Sumner Welles. The President and Chairman of the Board of Directors is Mr. Oscar A. DeLima. The Chairman of the Board of Governors is Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and the Executive Director is Mr. Clark M. Eichelberger. I had the privilege of being in San Francisco at the Charter Convention in April, 1945, with Mr. Eichelberger. He has devoted his life to the building of a peaceful world and is unusually competent for the position which he occupies. I prize his friendship which has extended over many years.

When I left Chicago it was zero weather. The sky was dark and leaden and the cold penetrating, with a high humidity. When I arrived in Albuquerque it was 68°, the skies were blue and warm sunshine prevailed. The transition in such a short period of time required a little adjustment on my part to appreciate fully the climatic change. I arrived with a heavy overcoat and a muffler, only to discard them immediately. All the time I was there I wore neither a coat nor hat. I understood all the more why so many of our Northern people go to the sunny South when wintry blasts blanket the North.

When I stepped off the train early in the morning I was delighted to be met by Mr. Gailey B. Underwood, President of the Albuquerque Chapter, and Mrs. Den Hashimoto, the membership chairman. Mrs. Hashimoto, one of the most fascinating and brilliant women I have ever met, is a Nesei (American-born of Japanese parents) and is working in the government projects in the military base in New Mexico. I had occasion while there to have several visits with her and learned to esteem her most highly. I was accompanied to the Alvarado Hotel, one of the many fine hotels in the Southwest, the architecture of which continues the Spanish tradition. We had breakfast together, after which a busy day began.

I was invited by Station KOB of the National Broadcasting Company, to appear on the program presented by the popular radio personality, Mary McDonald. I have been interviewed many times throughout the country over radio and television, but I never enjoyed an interview more than with Mrs. McDonald. I learned she was formerly identified with a station in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and discovered we had had many mutual friends. Mrs. McDonald asked me about my work, my interests in international affairs, my travels, our church—all in all it was a most comprehensive interview. The station itself is housed in one of the most attractive and functional broadcasting and television studios I have ever been in. The whole building is only one floor, but it was designed and built for the specific purposes of radio and television. I had the opportunity of meeting the manager, who most graciously showed me about the building. The station is a 50,000 watt station and blankets the Southwest.

The afternoon was spent in seeing some of the most interesting spots and historical places about Albuquerque. As an Honorary Chief of the Chippewa tribe of Indians in Minnesota, I am always interested in Indians, wherever I find them. I saw many Pueblo Indians in New Mexico. Some of them were shopping in the stores and all were dressed in their distinctive costumes. I only wished I could have had much more time in this interesting city and state.

The meeting was held in the spacious Student Union Building on the campus of the University of New Mexico. I was much impressed with the University campus because they have maintained the adobe type of architecture in their building. So many campuses have buildings of one period and another, that they impress one as having as much variety as a patchwork quilt. The adobe technique in building construction is such that the rooms are cooler in summer and warmer in winter.

I was delighted when I arrived at the auditorium on the campus to find a large and enthusiastic audience, every seat being filled, some standing in the rear, with a great number of University students present. The chairman of the meeting was a graduate student at the University and presided with great dignity and competency. Mr. Thomas V. Calkins, writer and former Professor of English, read most effectively from the Declaration of Human Rights. Introductions of guests were made from the platform, and several personalities identified with the work were introduced from the audience. I was introduced by one of the most enthusiastic and unusual men I have ever met—Mr. Gailey B. Underwood. I could devote a whole article to Mr. Underwood and sometime I may. He has had a distinguished career and was with the United States Army in a responsible position in the Philippines. He is a realtor by vocation and I met him first when I addressed the New Mexican Realtors function in Roswell some months ago. He and Mrs. Underwood practice what they preach in this matter of brotherhood for they have adopted children. One of them I met, who is a young Philippine student of exceptional brilliancy.

Mr. Underwood introduced me in such a manner that I felt immediately at home and among friends, which is to me the highest form of introduction. I spoke for over an hour, and then the meeting was thrown open to questions which lasted for another hour. Practically all of the questions were by University students. I wish I could

give you a verbatin report of this part of the evening. It indicated and confirmed that which I have long held, that the young people in our high schools and colleges and universities throughout this country and the world as well, are more interested in the immediate future than any youthful generation of my lifetime. The questions were all intelligent, they revealed an understanding of historical backgrounds; they were vital and pointed, and every one of them indicated that back of the question was a personality tremendously interested in where the world is going and what their own future will be. It was an enheartening, encouraging experience to me. They brought much more to me than I was able in an hour's address to bring to them. At the conclusion of the evening I was besieged for nearly another hour and kept in personal discussions with many students. I was happy to meet one of our own Chicago boys who, with his family, is often in our church Mr. Barry G. Cole. He is a student at the University and I expect to meet him again during the Christmas holidays in our church.

I was also delighted to meet Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hall and Mr. Hall's mother, because I had known them at Lake Vermilion, in Tower, Minnesota, for many years. Mrs. Hall is the daughter of the founder of Birch Point Inn, a dear old friend of mine, Mr. A. C. Anderson. She will be remembered by Lake Vermilion and Tower friends as Fern Anderson. We talked for a while about other days in which we had shared together the joy and beauty of Lake Vermilion.

Later I was happy to meet Mrs. Opal Hill, who is the cashier of the Alvarado Hotel and who often attended our church when she lived in Chicago. An old friend and a remote relative of mine through marriage was Mr. Wilson J. McDonald, of the Member Relations Division of the Albuquerque Chamber of Commerce. I had an opportunity to visit with him about members of the family back in Michigan. It brought back old days, old loved ones, and many, many memories. Everywhere I go about the country I am always meeting someone whose life-trails and mine have crossed and there are common ties of friendship. The influence of our church through these years has truly extended to every part of our country.

I had the opportunity of meeting also Lt. Andrew S. Smith III, who is based at Albuquerque in security activity for our government. Lt. Smith was born in Newport News, Virginia. I found him to be a most brilliant individual, with a fine background and tremendously interested in international affairs. He is planning soon to leave for Japan. He drove me through Old Albuquerque, a few blocks in which is located an old church, St. Philip Neri, one of the oldest churches in the country. This area which he showed me took me back to long before there was a State of New Mexico. Its roots are in the early days of the country itself. I should like to have had much more time to visit the quaint shops, go into some of the very old adobe homes, and to have had a more vital contact with a most interesting locality, located in the heart of the thriving, growing, metropolitan community which we know as the City of Albuquerque. The city is growing rapidly and extending itself in every direction, and is destined to become one of the great cities.

After a busy day and night I had to be up at five o'clock in the morning in order to get "The Chief" back to Chicago. I was delighted, but not surprised when Mr. Underwood came to

my hotel a little after five in the morning and accompanied me to the train. Hospitality is one of the most lingering memories which a stranger retains from any community, and the hospitality which was given me on my Albuquerque visit was the most gracious I have ever known. All morning long I sat in the dome car watching the scenery, mountains, desert, homes and ranches, and the hours sped altogether too quickly. One of the most interesting rides I have ever taken is going over the pass as we leave New Mexico and enter Colorado. At an altitude of nearly 8,000 feet, the roadbed winds around mountains and over chasms with breath-taking effect. I soon left the sunshine and blue skies for the icy plains of Kansas and on into Kansas City, Missouri, arriving home in the morning at 7:15 on the coldest day Chicago had had for many years. My visit to Albuquerque was a most inspiring experience and I wanted to share it with you, however inadequately I have been able to do so.

* * *

June and I were privileged to be at the dinner in observance of the 167th Anniversary of the adoption of the Bill of Rights to the Constitution of the United States the other evening. The affair was held in the Grand Ballroom of the Hotel Sherman. Mr. Adlai Stevenson was to introduce Mrs. Roosevelt, but was prevented by an urgent engagement in New York City. His son, Adlai Stevenson, Jr., introduced Mrs. Roosevelt. This was his first appearance in such a capacity and the first substitution he had ever made for his distinguished father. He was obviously somewhat nervous, but in the opening remarks of his introduction indicated that he has much of his father's sense of humor. His introduction was comprehensive and was presented with humility and effectiveness. I thought there might be a slight embarrassment on his part because of some remarks Mrs. Roosevelt had recently made concerning the candidacy of Senator Humphrey for the presidency of the United States.

Mrs. Roosevelt in her response made no reference whatever to the introduction nor did she make any comment about the father of the introducer. Whether you agree with Mrs. Roosevelt or not, I am convinced her most bitter critics could not help but recognize her brilliant understanding and courageous attitude on the great controversial questions of our time. She has all the vigor and the zest, vitality and courage of a woman many, many years younger. She spoke with emphasis and it was the first time in the many times I have heard her that I ever knew her to pound the desk. The gist of all she said was that America must put its own house in order on the question of civil rights or we will gradually lose the prestige which we have as a world leader in this field. One statement I shall not forget was when she said emphatically and forcefully, "If we do not learn to sit side by side with those who are different in the American schools, we may some day find that we will have Communist schools."

I had a visit with my friend, Clark M. Eichelberger, Executive Secretary of the United Nations, and also met Mrs. Roosevelt and Mr. Stevenson and had an opportunity for a brief visit with them. Mrs. Roosevelt was on her way to Columbus, Ohio, where she was to speak twice the next day. She spoke with vigor and buoyancy, without manuscript, and thrilled the thousand people who were present.

* * *

I hope that you will notice that we begin, on the first Wednesday in Jan-

uary our regular book lectures. I have chosen for these Wednesdays four of the most important books it seems to me which the publishers have given us recently. You will find the list in another part of this magazine. And every Thursday noon during the month, beginning with the 8th, I am going to present my annual lectures in the auditorium of the central building of the Chicago Public Library on Washington and Michigan Streets. These lectures begin at 12:10 and close at 12:45. If you are in the loop I hope it will be possible for you to attend.

* * *

I wish there were some way in which I could tell you personally how much June and I appreciate the myriads of Christmas cards and letters which you sent to us during the Christmas season. We enjoyed every one of them and read every one. Please accept our deepest and heartiest gratitude. It is most encouraging to know one's efforts are being appreciated.

Let us all enter into the new year with a renewal of faith, an increase of vigor and a deepening of courage, that the year ahead will be for ourselves, our country and our world a year in which we will all exhaust every effort to build understanding, co-operation and peace.

Keep looking up!

"THE SECRET OF STABILITY"

A Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
NOVEMBER 30, 1958

A FEW weeks ago we had a week in the City of Chicago that was known as Poetry Week. The central personality who visited us on that Poetry Sunday was Archibald MacLeish, the distinguished American poet. The year before they had Carl Sandburg and the year before that they had Robert Frost, but this year we had Archibald MacLeish. Archibald MacLeish has just produced on Broadway a play which he calls J. B. Just the initials J. B. This play deals with the character and personality of Job. I haven't seen the play, but I have been interested in reading criticisms of the play in the New York papers. I did hear Mr. MacLeish when he was here. I met him and I had a most enjoyable visit with him, but I take issue with Archibald MacLeish, not because I can even approximate his genius in his conception of poetic literature, but with his interpretation of the principal character in his play! The Book of Job is the basis of the play, but it is completely Americanized and completely modernized, so that the character is distinctly contemporary!

In the Book of Job there is a sentence which is the heart of the sermon this morning on THE SECRET OF STABILITY. That sentence you will find in the Fourth Verse of the Fourth Chapter of the Book of Job. I read the Book of Job about twice every year! I have a copy of it on my bedside stand. I think it is the greatest drama ever written! It is the world's oldest drama, and it is the basis for much of the dramatic technique that even the modern dramatists use in their writing of dramatic literature! But this sentence

(*Continued on page* 9)

The Liberalist

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HAPPY NEW YEAR!

BACK in 1359 a wizened little clerk was a guest in the English army, which was besieging a French town. The little man was Geoffrey Chaucer and he was a scribbler of rhymes. Whenever a knight or a private soldier or a body of troops flinched at charging a perilous breach in the city wall, Chaucer would write a scurrilous set of verses, making fun of the act of cowardice. By the next day the whole camp would be singing or reciting the verses and their victims were laughed into fresh courage.

Napoleon Bonaparte was the master of continental Europe. He yearned to be master of the whole world, but he first must win England, and to win England he first must cross the English Channel in force. If only he had battle-craft which could ignore wind and current and tide and which could out-travel and out-maneuver the opposing British ships.

Just at this time there came to his court a shaggy-haired young American inventor, Mr. Robert Fulton by name. Fulton had worked out a practical invention whereby ships could be propelled by steam instead of sails, and could travel independent of cross-currents and adverse winds. Also he had worked out a serviceable submarine torpedo boat. He made successful tests of both these inventions, to the satisfaction of Napoleon's most skeptical experts. The problem was solved. It was Napoleon's life opportunity. He dallied longingly with the project. Then he rejected it. If he should fail, Napoleon feared he would be the laughing-stock of Europe and would lose much prestige. He could not afford to be laughed at. He refused to pay the price of a laugh, and threw away world conquest.

We are frequently laughed at because of our New Year's resolutions. Those resolutions may not last through the entire year, but the mere fact that we have made any at all is a good sign. Good resolutions fail because persons abandon the resolution the first time they violate it. Good habits are formed, just as the bad ones, by constant repetition. Whatever the good habit is we decide to form, it will be formed if we keep trying our best. The person who makes resolutions and abandons them has at least learned what his faults are and how difficult they are to overcome.

The Secret of Stability

(*Continued from page 7*)

rings out in the Book of Job. It is spoken by one of his friends, Eliphaz. Job had three friends, you know, who were with him in his trouble. They were not very good friends, and they were not very helpful friends but, nevertheless, they were friends. And Eliphaz, in an effort to sort of make Job feel a little better in the midst of all that life did to him, said these words to him: "Job, thy words have kept men on their feet!" That is from the Moffett translation: "Thy words have kept men on their feet!"

To me, there is no greater responsibility, as there is, indeed, no finer opportunity than speaking words that will keep people on their feet, in a time like this; an unstable time—with restlessness, sense of insecurity, the overpowering foreboding of the unknown, a future which no one can fathom—in a world so unstable in the preservation of certain fundamental values that all of us are frightened that some of these values will be permanently destroyed, and that we may revert to a type of civilization which will be beneath the dignity and the greatness of man's potentiality in an unstable world. That kind of a world is always the result of unstable people—people who are not stabilized; people who are so weak in the possession of qualities of character that they respond to every superficial thing; that they are swayed by the caprices of an artificially stimulated emotion; they are swayed by the psychological processes which are a part of the technique of a commercial age; they are swayed into instability and are amenable to all the darts and arrows of outrageous fortune! So their inner selves become confused, and they become irritated and they begin to drift hopelessly and helplessly upon this large ocean of the cosmos in which we dwell!

THE SECRET OF STABILITY! How can we become stable people? Not vacillating, weak-kneed people with no strength to stand up against the forces that would destroy and bring disintegration to us all! What is the secret of stability? As we analyze the great personalities, the men and women of human history who have plowed themselves into the destiny of man and who have preserved the basic and fundamental qualities, without which there can be no stability, what is the first thing we discover? I've never known a stable person in my life, a wholly integrated person, a person wholly in possession of every faculty for the development of character who didn't think of life as a "trust!" One of the first basic secrets of stability I find in an individual who says: "I have been trusted with life! I have been honored with life!" God honors us by giving us life! You have been honored to have been born! You didn't ask for birth, but you were honored by being born! I was honored by life! You have been honored by having life—by being a person, a personality, a brain, a heart —you have been honored by God in giving you life! And the secret of stability is to return that honor with a sense that you have been "trusted" with life! Life is an entrustment! You've been given something that's a trust, and none of us like a person who betrays a trust; none of us like a person who will not shape up to re-

sponsibility but who runs away from it like a coward or treats it lightly! You have been given life! You have been "entrusted" with a name, with a personality! You are you! Part of the great floodtide of life! And to treat that lightly and to fritter it away with the things that evaporate with the morning sun and the things that scar and mar and tear and twist life—to throw that away is the supreme tragedy of life! The basic secret of stability is to be found in developing a sense of trust with life—a feeling that you're a trustee; that you've been given something for which you must give an account—"I have been trusted with life and I have to give an account of what I do with it."

The second and final thing which I want to bring to you in this moment in connection with this thought is that if you have a sense of helplessness, a sense of impotency, a sense that "you can't meet that responsibility;" that "you can't perform that trust" (sometimes some of us are given positions in which we feel inadequate and incompetent and feel that we can't meet the responsibility involved, that we're not "big enough" to meet it and we feel a frustration and that we can't do the task)—let me give you this victorious and triumphant truth: there is always available to you a power to meet your entrustment with life! You must not give an excuse that you haven't it—for it is available! Every young man and every young woman in this congregation and everyone listening to me at this moment, all these youngsters who are in our City of Chicago today by the hundreds, you have been entrusted with life and anything you want to do and anything you want to be in life, there is available for you a power to bring faith into operation! So make no little plans! Make big plans! Face your trusteeship of life! There is a power that is yours to help you! Train that power, and you will find the secret of that stability that keeps you standing like the Rock of Gibraltar! The one and only thing I have tried to do this morning is to fulfill the words of Eliphaz which he spoke to Job: "Job, thy words have kept men on their feet!"

DR. BRADLEY'S BOOK LECTURES

TWENTY-SIXTH SEASON

at the Peoples Church, 8:00 p.m.

Wednesday, January 7—"Doctor Zhivago" by Boris Pasternak
Wednesday, January 14—"The Ugly American" by Lederer and Burdick
Wednesday, January 21—"Safari of Discovery—The Universe of Albert Schweitzer" by Herbert M. Phillips
Wednesday, January 28—"What We Must Know About Communism" by The Overstreets

DR. BRADLEY'S NOON LECTURES

at the Chicago Public Library,
Michigan between Randolph and Washington

Thursday, January 8—"The Meaning of Culture"
Thursday, January 15—"The Growth of Culture"
Thursday, January 22—"Who Is The Cultured Person?"
Thursday, January 29—"How to Acquire Culture"

(The noon lectures begin at 12:10 and end at 12:45 p.m.)

QUOTED FROM "I AM ONLY ONE PERSON"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

OCTOBER 19, 1958

IN one of the most modern books available for our reading today, the Book of Isaiah, the 45th chapter and fourth verse, you will read these words: "I have called thee by name!" It must be a tremendous experience to have the Eternal Infinite speak your name! The Divine and Universal Love specifying you! You as you! I as I! A personality. "I have called you by name!"

One of the things I hear from everyone in every walk of life as I go about my work, and we discuss some problem, whether a personal one or a world problem, is "But what can I do about it? I am only one person!"

Every person is more of a personality than he knows—more of an influence than he knows. The first little wedge of defeat for any individual is the wedge that "I cannot do it; I am incapable." A sense of inadequacy must be overcome for successful personal living, and the individual who says "I can do something about it" is the individual who already is laying the foundations of triumph and of victory! When we completely collapse in the presence of a problem by saying "I can do nothing about it" we begin to float downstream. When we accept life with that attitude we reject life. There's always something we can do!

Jeanne d'Arc was one person; Sir Wilfred Grenfell was one person; Pasteur was one person; Bach was one person; Albert Schweitzer is one person; the little Professor of Piney Woods down in Mississippi (who came into an Illinois Central train the other day, upon which I was a passenger, and sat down beside me and revealed his heart of love and agony at all this manifestation of hate)—he is one person! So he sat on a log alone, just one person, with an illiterate Negro beside him, and Piney Woods is the result! Albert Schweitzer is one person—just one! Lambarene in Africa, is the result! The great Gandhi, apostle of love, was one person. What can we say of The One Person, the Lord of Life? Jesus was one person! Supposing He had said: "I'm only one person! There's nothing I can do!" He didn't say it. He, as one person, faced the world, His enemies and His friends, with the matchless magnitude of an unblemished life and coronated love as the solution—and it is the solution of all the problems of mankind!

Never say "I'm only one person; what can I do?" Say instead: "I am one person and I shall function as a personality, utilizing my powers for the betterment of mankind!" I would just put one thought into one faltering heart this morning who feels that he can do nothing about anything:—I beg of you to throw back your shoulders this morning, raise your chin high, look this old world and all of its problems straight in the face, and say from the depths of your heart, "I am a person! I can do something about everything!"

Only the people blindly grope,
Nature knows well there is joy and hope.

Dr. Bradley, representing the City of Chicago, extends an official welcome to the Right Honorable Major William Cecil McKee, Lord Mayor of Belfast, Ireland, and Mrs. McKee, October 1, 1958.

"RECESSION AND RELIGION"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

MAY 4, 1958

SOME wag said that a recession is when the other fellow loses his job but a depression is when you lose yours!

I am enough of a religionist to believe that the question of what constitutes the motivation of religion is interwoven and interlaced with the whole field of economics. Just as someone has said that every political problem and every economic problem is fundamentally a moral problem. I accept that; and if that is true there is a direct relationship between a recession and religion, for certain basic and fundamental spiritual values are involved. The relationship between economic security and a person's moral stability is well-established. The effect of poverty upon society is recognized by every thinker and every observer. The effect of a slum upon a district in a city is an obvious thing! There is a direct effect upon man's spiritual potentiality from his economic condition. If we were suddenly, tomorrow morning at nine o'clock, to stop every wheel of industry and every scientist and every experiment that has directly to do with the war process, we would probably find ourselves within another twenty-four hours a bankrupt people, with the trail and the tragedy of personal financial collapses from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the pines of Minnesota to the palms of Florida, so severely would our economic equilibrium be shaken if that were to happen.

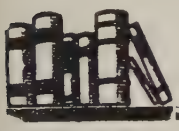
Now when I stop to think that there is a direct relationship here to the very basis of religion itself, how long can any society, any form of government, expect to maintain its cultural and its spiritual vitality, whose economic dependence is upon the possibility of war? When I stop and think that we are going to pay more out of the pockets of people, through taxation, to put a satellite in orbit around the moon than we are going to spend on education and religion in the next fifty years, how seriously are the American people taking this problem of education? How serious are we, after all, in our boast of being "a Christian nation" and motivating our activities on the basis of the philosophy and ethics of Christ? How serious are we, really, about these matters, when we spend more, as we did last year, on alcohol, cosmetics and tobacco than the American people have spent on religion and education in the past ten years? How motivated are we by the basic and fundamental principles of religion?

What does prosperity depend upon? Purchasing power! What does purchasing power depend upon? Income! People don't have money to buy things unless they have income. They have to earn it. What does income depend upon? Jobs! Opportunity to get on a payroll. That's basic! And unless you can maintain the circle complete, of being able to produce the commodity which the individual can buy because he has an income, because he has a job, you're going to twist that circle out of proportion and out of importance and you're going to get into trouble. It's as simple as that. It's almost scientific. But no mind yet has ever evolved a perfect working economic scheme that will stand up under every challenge. Perhaps it ought not to be done, for it is our capacity to rise above the challenge that creates leadership and creates stability! This is an hour of

challenge! The best brains of industry are at work at it; the best leadership, diplomatically, is concerned.

Now where does this fact of religion come into this thing at all? I think the biggest word in religion is "sacrifice." I think if you were to take the word "sacrifice" out of Christianity you wouldn't have enough power left for Christianity to survive another century! It never could project itself.

We don't like the word "sacrifice"—we Americans. I know hundreds of people who are trying to get more, more of everything—more ease; more security; more peace, more everything, but I don't see very much evidence of being willing to sacrifice for it! I would like to see the true spirit of religion—love for one's fellow man—a religious conscience. I would like to see, sitting down at some table together, the finest leadership of American industry, the finest representative of American labor; the finest representative of the farm movement; the finest full leadership of this great American country. Then I would like to see one of them get up and say: "Gentlemen, the hour has arrived, in order to maintain the stability of our American economy, for us to begin to sacrifice." I would like the financial leader to say, "Alright, gentlemen, I am ready to decrease my margin of profit in the field in which I move." Then for the farm belt leader and the labor leader to say: "We are all in this together (for if labor gets the idea they can go it alone they will find themselves bankrupt, for someone has invested $6,000 for that laboring man to work): The time has come when, instead of us earning more pay and working less hours, we, too, will sacrifice." That kind of sacrifice would do more to stabilize our American economy and get us straightened out basically than any other thing I know.



BOOK CHATS

THE Diary of Peter Parson—Late-Night Reflections of a Parish Minister, prepared for publication by W. B. J. Martin; Abingdon Press, $2.75.

Who is W. N. J. Martin? He is Peter Parson of course; and he has been minister of Augustine-Bristo Congregational Church, Edinburgh, Scotland, since 1951. He studied theology at New College, divinity school of the University of London, and is a student of English literature and drama. He is lecturer in homiletics at the Scottish Congregational College in Edinburgh, and Chaplain to Congregational Students at the University of Edinburgh.

He is a contributor to leading British and Scottish religious periodicals, to *The Christian Century* and a column by Dr. Martin, *"Peter Parson's Log,"* is a popular feature of the *British Weekly.*

In his foreward to his daily journal, in which he made late-night entries, Dr. Martin says:

"For many years now it has been my practice to spend the last half-hour of each day writing up my journal. It has become almost as much a habit as switching off the light at my bedside, and perhaps it serves the same purpose—to reduce the glare in the mind. Putting the events and the thoughts of the day on paper gives me freedom to get on with the business of sleep.

"There is no fun and no point in keeping a journal if one is not ruthless-

ly honest. Neither is there much joy or profit to oneself if one is careful, judicial, balanced. Many of the entries recorded here reveal a mood rather than a settled conviction. I hope they will be none the less valuable for that.

"Anyway, here, for what they are worth, are the uninhibited musings of a working parson, reflections and comments on the day-to-day encounters with his own church members, with non-churchmen, with fellow parsons, and reflections on his own failures and successes."

The fascinating thing about a diary is that we feel we are finding out how a person really "ticks;" what they truly think; what they absolutely feel about situations, people and things; that we are getting to know the person—not just meeting his "company face and voice."

This diary of Peter Parson is that kind of a daily journal—telling us what he really thinks. For instance, when he sat in a pew for four Sundays as a listener (perhaps it was on his vacation), he was "appalled by the dullness of the services." He remembered that Ogden Nash had said of his method in versifying, "What I do is to pick up poetry and bash its brains out against the sidewalk," and Peter Parson wished that preachers were as violent with their sermon techniques. He speaks of the standard pattern of a sermon and relates that "The congregation awaits the unfolding of this pattern with the dazed look of condemned men." And his conclusion is, in a page-and-a-half diary entry on this subject, "What I personally miss most on the rare occasions when I sit listening to a brother minister is the feel of a living man talking naturally about things that matter to him; of a man sharing his experience of God and life with an immediacy, directness, and urgency that is not a bit concerned with sermon structure."

The Diary of Peter Parson is a book which can be picked up, thumbed through and read one short chapter at a time. However, I kept wanting more, and therefore, it is well-written and must truly be "a living man talking naturally about things that matter to him;" and I found they mattered that much to me that they held my extreme interest, and I thoroughly enjoyed assimilating what Peter Parson has to say. He is very sane, sincere and down-to-earth; he loves people and has a real desire to be helpful to ordinary, everyday humanity. Out of his working with the problems of others and his own problems, we identify the problems of our own life and receive help and comfort and a better understanding.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

IN THE November Liberalist I told you about my two correspondents abroad, as a result of my getting in touch with Letters Abroad, at 27 East 69th Street, New York 21. One of these correspondents, Mr. Roman Gajda, in Lodz, Poland, thought perhaps I could put him in

touch with some of his countrymen over here.

I sent a copy of his letter to the Program Chairman of the Friends of Literature, because I knew that this chairman, Mr. Gembala, is a past president of the Polish Society here in Chicago. To my delight, I soon heard From Mr. Gembala, who said that his wife has an uncle living in Lodz, and that she was going to write to Mr. Gajda. Also, Mr. Gembala informed me there is a Council of Polish societies in Chicago, who make a practice of keeping in touch with their countrymen in Poland, and Mr. Gajda's letter would be sent to them for attention.

From this one incident, it is possible to envision what a vast-reaching effect this Letter-Writing Project may have. It reminds one of the pebble dropped in the water and the ripples that widen out from that one act and reach some unknown distant shore.

If you are not giving any service at present outside your own home, why not resolve in this new year to start on some little project of service, perhaps in your church, or in your community. Toss that first pebble out into the waters of humanity and reap a rich harvest by 1960. Does that sound like a far-off date? Well, it isn't. It is already 1959, you know, and time marches on. I have just realized that I have been at my present work for Dr. Bradley and the Peoples Church for nineteen years, yet it seems but a short while ago that I was invited to do that work, at the same time that the Professional and Business Woman's Club was organized in the church. So make your plans right away for service in 1959.

* * *

The following letter speaks for itself and may give our readers a smile:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Since I know that you have a good sense of humor, you will understand why I got a merry chuckle out of what you said about people who write anonymous letters.

Just a week ago, after your sermon, I wrote an anonymous letter and mailed it with a modest check to The Peoples Church.

Being anonymous is a sort of weakness I have acquired by habit. For many years I earned my living by writing—always anonymously, except when I did "ghost writing" for someone else. Never in all those years did my name appear on anything I wrote—never but once.

Once I wrote a promotion booklet for an academy. When I received a printed copy, I was surprised to see that, without my knowledge, I had been made the author of the booklet. After a moment of annoyance I saw the light; I had praised the commandant as one of the chief attractions of the school. Of course he wouldn't want anyone to get the idea that he had written the booklet himself.

But now, having learned my lesson, I will sign this letter.

I appreciate the beauty and inspiration of your services which I attend by radio. And that, in substance, is all that I said in my letter of a week ago; so you won't need to look it up; it was all complimentary.

Yours sincerely,

Edward O. Ham.

P.S. When my subscription to The Liberalist runs out, please renew it and send me the bill. E. O. H.

* * *

And now, in a very serious vein, is a letter to Dr. Bradley, which is so thoughtfully and so well-written, and on a subject of such vast import and interest, that we publish nearly all

of it, though it is quite lengthy:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I have had the opportunity of hearing some of your sermons and watched you being interviewed on TV Sunday evening. I was very much impressed by your deep insight into life and its meaning. I was impressed by the manner in which you answered the question about Billy Graham as a person and the results of his work. You did not hesitate to give your opinion.

There is a social problem that I have been concerned about. I am very thankful that I am not alone in my views. I have to express my opinions to someone who I feel would understand them.

This nation of ours is largely Christian and because of this I am more concerned. How can a professed Christian nation condone capital punishment? How can its leaders, who are supposed to set an example of high moral values allow legalized murder? Can these members of humanity answer these questions? What is the purpose of life; and above all, what is the purpose of death? The answers they give are the actions they take and the examples they set. I say their answers have been very poor ones. Our crime rate is nothing to be proud of.

Is it that we are slaves to the past, to traditional thinking? So often man is governed by traditional laws that have conditioned his mind into believing that they are just laws. People of past generations had to rely on traditional authority to govern their conduct. They did not have sufficient knowledge available to them to critically question their laws so they had no recourse but to observe them and take the consequence if they transgressed.

Times have changed; experience and knowledge have increased tremendously but man still uses birth for slavery and death for punishment. When man does this to himself it is like various organs of the body destroying one another.

I understand that when a jury is selected in a case where capital punishment may be imposed, the selected jury must be willing to condemn to death the person accused of the crime, if found guilty. Then the jury is selected to be biased in their judgment in one direction only. Is this justice? Can a Christian serve on this jury?

Man's laws are competitive. It is possible for a man to escape punishment, if guilty but not proven so; also to be punished if innocent, but proven guilty. The State, if in error, cannot even begin to right its wrong. To carry out such an ultimate form of punishment, the law must claim infallibility, or assume it to be true, which is clearly not the case. Can this be called justice? What right has man to use death as a punishment? Death is a natural function and it should be held as such. It is a vital and necessary function. The natural law is that we all must die. It is strange that when man imposes death as a punishment, it seems at this time man assumes that only those who are so condemned die.

I believe the great tragedy of all this is the punishment imposed upon society in a form not easily recognized by man. To associate death and punishment is to produce fear in the minds of people. It is not right that man should fear death. When man fears death he blocks his mind to understanding the true purpose of death, and because of this he cannot understand the full purpose of life, Each man, right or wrong, has a sense of justice. This concept of justice he imposes upon other members of society if they transgress what he thinks is right or wrong. He borrows his ideas

from existing social justice. If he is immature and aggressive he may impose the death penalty on his distorted view of transgressors. How many tragedies have occurred because of the association of death and punishment?

We must clearly remember that a man's final action that may precipitate in tragedy and death is not an act in itself, but is the result of a series of events in his life, for which we are all responsible. I do not infer that the individual is not responsible. I do imply that society is also responsible.

Man must understand that his laws and his justice are fallible. His punishment must be so geared that amends or corrections can be made at any time during the corrective measures or after; but to impose death as a punishment is final; no amends can be made. This is tragic!

Man's justice must allow the transgressor to redeem himself; not just to be confined and deprived of normal existence. All men must die. To die is not tragic; but not to fulfill one's purpose in life is tragic, or to redeem one's self. Capital punishment takes this opportunity away from the transgressor. Therefore, I believe those who impose such laws are greater transgressors.

Society today considers itself civilized, which may be true when compared to the past, but what about the future? Today, when man imposes the death penalty, his sense of humanity dictates that it must be as painless as possible. Also, his sense of justice dictates that the condemned man be given every chance for appeals. By this man's justice is caught in its own web. The waiting period between the condemned man's appeal and the execution date must be sheer horror and agony imposed upon him by so-called humane and just society. Can true justice produce such a state of injustice?

I think of many normal people, under normal circumstances, who have fulfilled life's purpose awaiting their final hour. Then I think of the murderer awaiting his final hour. What a shame to associate the two with the same penalty.

I ask you members of society who are about to cast your stone on the execution night to look into your conscience; remember there are many ways to kill. A man who is to be executed has usually killed in a very obvious manner. It takes no deep intellect to see what has happened. But what of the countless premature deaths caused by fires, auto accidents, unfair laws and practices and unfair social attitudes. The tragic results of some of these have been called "the will of God." Thereby we attempt to escape our responsibilities. Also, when society is unconcerned and indifferent to its injustices it condones them and is thereby guilty of them.

Treat death with respect. It is a vital and necessary natural function. If the laws of the land do not respect death, then how can its people?

One day future generations will look back upon us with shame. It is better to end the shame now.

Perhaps we are the children of God, but isn't it time we grew up?

Yours very truly,

Albert Basko

* * *

We had a letter from the former Henrietta B. Lytle, who is now Mrs. Eugene Taylor, of 446 Highland Avenue, Dunedin, Florida. She expressed regret at having to miss the Annual Bazaar which she had always attended—in fact, she says she attended our church and Dr. Bradley's book reviews for 34 years. As she has long been a church member, we

thought friends might like to have her address and get in touch with her. Her letter says in part:

"I am very happy with my new home and husband; the only thing I regret is that I cannot get your Sunday broadcast down here. I miss that sermon so much! I have just received The Liberalist and have enjoyed reading about your trip overseas.

"I had a letter from Mrs. Harrison telling about Ella Kredler being in the hospital. I am so sorry, for she is one of my special friends in Chicago.

"I hope and pray this finds you and Mrs. Bradley in the best of health. May you be spared for many more years to carry on a wonderful work. Am enclosing a check."

* * *

A contribution came to Dr. Bradley for the church, with this note: "Our deepest expression, and as members of the Catholic Church, are sent you in gratitude for your continued divine efforts in the struggle of the 'Love and Brotherhood of Man' as we, 'Universal Catholics,' see it."

The Gaffney Family.

* * *

E. T. Sanborn, of the Methodist Home, at 1315 Foster Avenue, sent in a poem written by his friend Mr. John W. Perry, also a resident of the Home:

THE FRIENDS I LIKE

I like to have friends who can see
The lovely things of life:
Who do not cringe before the ghosts
Of ugliness and strife.

I like friends who, above the clouds
Can always see the blue:
Friends, who in spite of all the false,
Can always find the true.

I like friends who among the thorns
Can find the roses fair—
Friends who above life's raucous din
Hear music in the air.

I like friends who can make me sing
When I'd no thought of song:
Friends who, when someone's been unkind
Make me forget the wrong.

I like friends who, when I am down
Can by a word or smile
Bring back my hope or ease a hurt
And make life seem worthwhile.

I'm sure you know the kind I mean—
Friends I can trust and love.
Such friends are surely life's perfume—
A breath from Heaven above.

* * *

Mr. Ernest M. Berger wrote:

"I meant to send you the above quotation from a poem written by Shota Ruataveli, a Russian poet of the middle ages. It would have fitted in exceptionally well with your last Sunday's sermon:

"What you keep is lost,
What you give is forever yours."

Give to keep! Your last Sunday's sermon was one of the finest, Dr. Bradley, you have delivered during the almost eleven years since we became members of the Peoples Church. It must have been an inspiration to all who had the privilege to listen to it. Kind personal regards."

* * *

One more proof that Dr. Bradley's work is helping "just people," regardless of race or creed:

"We always go to mass earlier so we can listen to you. Sunday your sermon was so wonderful. God bless you."

* * *

Mr. G. Koomans, of Griffith, Indiana, writes:

"This morning the Magikist Company asked for comments of listeners. *Here is mine!*

"Many times I have asked how some stories of crime, filth and sex could find a sponsor or have listeners. *I think it is a good sign at least one company has enough faith in the decency of the*

American people to sponsor a program dedicated to humanitarian principles and spiritual progress. Yes, I believe it is wonderful." (The underlining is by Mr. Koomans.)

* * *

Mr. A. J. Forgach, a WLS Transmitter Engineer, wrote:

"I am a transmitter operator at WLS. We are located out here in the country which I love so well. I was on duty alone and listened to your sermon 'Old and Alone.'

"It touched me so that I had to let you know. I have heard you speak a number of times before, but this sermon really hit home!"

(Dr. Bradley's subject was: "You'll Never Walk Alone.")

* * *

Charles Francis Potter sent to Dr. Bradley a review copy of "The Great Religious Leaders," which was published by Simon & Schuster on November 19th, and is a revised and enlarged edition, being The Story of Religion. In a postscript to the letter Mr. Potter says: "My admiration, as always, for your perennial youth. At 70 you're younger than most of our men of fewer years! Guess you have a piece of eternity incorporated in your dynamic personality!"

* * *

Rev. Edwin T. Buehrer, Pastor of the Third Unitarian Church of Chicago, refers to the 90th Anniversary dinner of his church:

Dear Preston Bradley:

Thank you very much again and again for your warm and friendly presence and for your eloquent affirmation of the liberal faith. It was a grand finale to a very full week of celebration, and the applause you received at the end was the correct indication of how people felt, for they have been talking about you ever since.

It was a grand evening which we shall long remember and we love you and Mrs. Bradley for the part you took.

Thanks again and ever,

Edwin T. Buehrer.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Our conventioneers were thoroughly delighted by your luncheon speech last Thursday, at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. I'm sure that Virgil Freeman and Harold Davies, just to name two, are never going to forget your talk.

We receive many, many compliments for having scheduled you on our convention program.

Please accept my cordial and hearty thanks for helping make our 25th Anniversary Celebration a success.

Sincerely yours,
Thomas L. Yates, Convention Director.

* * *

Late in November Dr. Bradley sent out a church letter to every member in which he told about the song he used to sing in Sunday School long ago, "Count Your Blessings." Then he mentioned the modern song "Count Your Blessings Instead of Sheep." One of the members sent back the letter with this note:

"That's a very timely suggestion for a convalescing patient, who finds it difficult to sleep nights; and in counting sheep somewhere along the way they get stuck in a fence and I do *not* sleep. Since the receipt of the suggestion from you to count my blessings, last night I had my first night of complete sleep for eight hours. So many thanks to you for this helpful suggestion!

Mike G. Kanzer.

* * *

KEEP ON THE BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

NOVEMBER

1—Wedding.
Funeral.
2—Two sermons, Peoples Church.
Three Broadcasts, WLS-WCFL and WSEL-FM.
3—Worked in Study.
4—Funeral.
Conference in Study.
Address. Sportsman's Club, Palatine, Illinois.
5—Worked in Study.
6—Funeral.
Sick calls.
7—Cut three records, WCFL.
Hospital calls.
8—Worked in Study.
9—Two sermons, Peoples Church.
Broadcasts, WLS-WCFL, WSEL.
10—Two Funerals.
11—Funeral.
Banquet. AA Convention, Terrace Garden, Morrison Hotel.
12—Wedding.
Address. First Evangelical United Brethren Church.
13—Annual Bazaar. Peoples Church.
14—Two Funerals.
Annual Bazaar, Peoples Church.
16—Two sermons, Peoples Church.
Broadcasts, WLS-WCFL-WSEL.
17—Luncheon. Woman's University Service Assn. Shoreland Hotel.
18—Address. Jackson Woman's Club, Jackson Auditorium, Jackson, Michigan.
19—Address. 90th Anniversary dinner, Third Unitarian Church.
20—Address. Chicago Conference of Club Presidents and Program Chairmen, Fullerton Hall, Art Institute.
Address. National Convention, American Van Lines, Polynesian Room, Edgewater Beach Hotel.
21—Address. 125th Anniversary, Congregational Church, Grand Blanc, Michigan, held at Flint, Michigan. Dr. Bradley preached in the Grand Blanc Church, 1908-1909, when he was 21 years old.
22—Worked in Study.
23—Two sermons, Peoples Church.
Broadcasts, WLS-WCFL-WSEL.
23—Address. Ebenezer A.M.E. Church, Evanston, Ill.
24—Cut records, WGN. Two radio records, two WGN-TV.
Cut four records, WCFL.
Meeting, Board of Directors, Chicago Library.
25—Luncheon, Cape Cod Room, Drake Hotel. Mrs. John Alden Carpenter.
Funeral.
Address. Fairview PTA, Skokie, Illinois.
26—Worked in Study.
27—Thanksgiving Day Sermon, Peoples Church.
Three Radio Broadcasts of Thanksgiving messages, WGN, and WCFL. Two WGN-TV broadcasts.
28—Wedding.
Luncheon conference. Bismarck Hotel.
Funeral.
29—Two weddings.
Funeral.
Address. "Man of the Year" Banquet. Gold Room, Congress Hotel, by Variety Club of Illinois, honoring Albert C. Pick, Jr.
30—Two sermons, Peoples Church.
Broadcasts, WLS-WCFL-WSEL.
Wedding.

FUNERALS

1—Edwin C. Pickett
4—Mrs. Jennie F. Purvin
6—Mrs. Mamie Kalish
10—Mrs. Anna G. Lippy
James Patrick Murrary
11—Memorial Service for Francis W. McPeek
13—Mrs. Florence T. Soutter
14—Mrs. Gertrude Lilliborg
Dr. Max Schmidhofer
25—Mrs. Louise Dick Callahan
28—Charles E. Willett
29—Arnold Schlecter

WEDDINGS

1—Lillian Werren and Thomas Fleming
12—Daisy Weaver and Dr. Glenn W. Harvey
28—Louise Steele and William Saunders
29—Margaret J. Lawlor and Robert E. Schroeder
Pearl Padula and Michael A. Kunkel

CHRISTENINGS

2—(Adult) Carolyn Cardin David, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cardin.
16—Thomas Ernest Williams
Donald Dean Williams
Toni Ann Williams, children of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Williams
30—Arthur Eugene Dexter IV, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Eugene Dexter

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday morning service (broadcast by WLS direct from church) ..... 11:00 a.m.

Sunday evening service (November to Easter) ..... 7:00 p.m.

Junior Church—Parents are invited to accompany their children. ..... 9:30 a.m.

Choir rehearsals every Sunday. New members welcomed ..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club (single adults) 1st and 3rd Sundays, Anderson Hall ..... 5:00 p.m.

Wednesday evening Book Reviews (in January) at Peoples Church ..... 8.00 p.m.

Thursday noon Lectures, Chicago Public Library in January ..... 12:10 p.m.

Woman's Club, Tuesday, Jan. 13 (Reciprocity Day) Meeting, 11 a.m.; Luncheon, 12:30 p.m.; Program 1:30 p.m. "American Women of Wit and Humor," Dramatist, Mrs. C. R. Boynton ..... 11:00 a.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club, Sunday, January 11th, Floyd A. Swink, Senior Naturalist, Forest Preserve District of Cook County, "Colorful Birds." A guest artist, Madeline Jacobsen, brilliant pianist of Mendelssohn Conservatory .. 4:00 p.m.

Men's Club, Tuesday, January 27th, Illinois Bell Telephone Company Program on Sound; refreshments; guest fee 50c ..... 8:00 p.m.

Couples Club meets 1st Tuesday in Anderson Hall, Folk Dance ..... 7:30 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Ushers Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule
Every Sunday

WLS—Morning Church Sermon Broadcast direct from church pulpit ..... 11.00 a.m.

WCFL—Dr. Bradley's Vesper Broadcast ..... 5:45 p.m.

WSEL (FM)—Rebroadcast of Morning Sermon ..... 9:30 p.m.

Subscription Coupon

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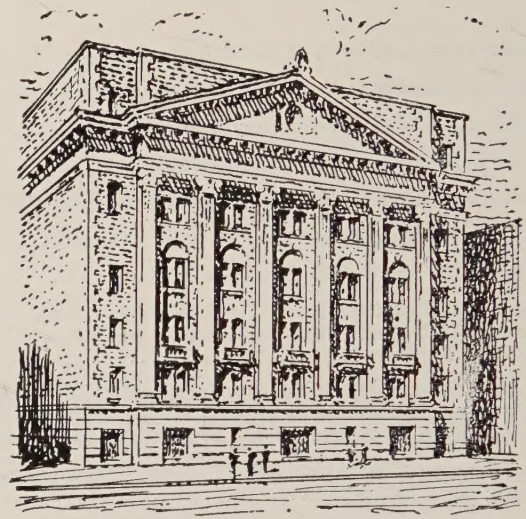

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Book

New Wealth For You—$1.00

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

Mastering Fear
Courage For Today
Power From Right Thinking
Life and You
Meditations
My Daily Strength
Happiness Through Creative Living